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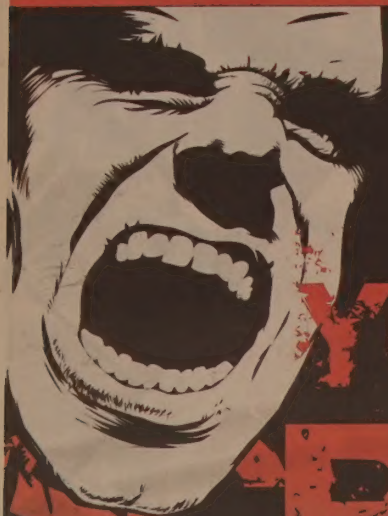
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DISTRIBUTION: Steve Gordon and Fred Gaudin

SEE Magazine is Edmonton's unique, arts and entertainment weekly.
It is a Division of former Post Newspapers Limited Partnership and is available
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SEE Magazine is located at:
#200, 11230 109th St.
Edmonton, AB, T5E 2E3
TEL: (780) 430-9003
FAX: (780) 432-1002
e-mail: info@seemagazine.ca

Printed on Recycled Paper, 100% Recycled
Postmaster: Send address changes to:
25010 Hwy 16, St. Albert, AB, T8N 6A5
e-mail: seemag@seemagazine.ca

regulars: dining 165 | urban mom 165 | listings 167 | savage 167 | comics 167

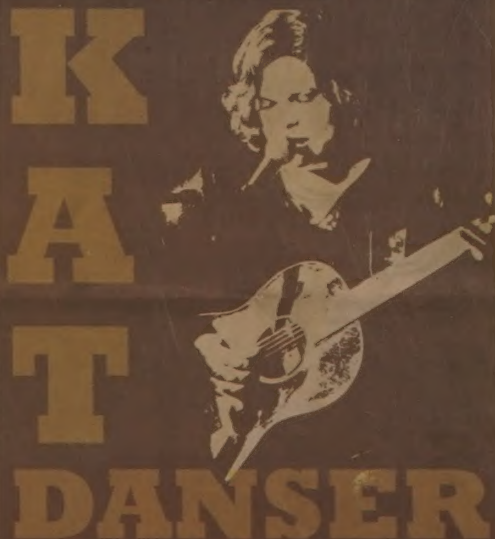


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“PEOPLE SEE THIS EFFORT AND HOPEFULLY IT INSPIRES THEM. IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE, IF YOU'RE PASSIONATE ABOUT IT.”

Life in Reverse Goes Ahead

FEATURE • ADVENTURE

Shaun Brandt (left) and Cam Service prepare for the trip of a lifetime. PHOTO BY CAM SANTO

TWO EDMONTON GUYS ARE GOING ON THE ADVENTURE OF A LIFETIME. WITH CAMERAS IN TOW

BY CURTIS WRIGHT

Every young Albertan wants to surf.

Okay, maybe not exactly, but as that reprehensible snow sneaks up on us like clockwork, we all dream of being somewhere else and away from all of this nonsense. And who wouldn't trade in frozen tundra for peak waves and blinding heat? Some of the retirees among us live the dream, as they fly south for the winter, but those are retirees. We should all be so lucky.

Like the snowbirds, Shaun Brandt and Cam Service are embarking on their retirement dream this winter, albeit a little earlier than most. Freedom for most may come a little later in life, during a settling down phase of those infamous golden years. However, Brandt, 23, and Service, 24, realize life is just as golden at this very moment, so they're doing it now. And they want everyone to come along for the ride.

On Nov. 1 — the time when we're all sitting indoors for far too many hours — Brandt and Service begin their journey to a world-renowned

surf destination in Central America with only their hopes and dreams, their toothbrushes, a filmmaker, a screenwriter, all of their united paltry savings accounts, and a couple of relatively unused surfboards stuffed into a 1999 Land Rover. What started as a sunny reverie between two friends has resulted in a soon-to-be documented voyage down the West Coast of Canada, through Portland, Ore., down to California, a hop across Mexico, a quick zig-zag through the countries in northern Central America and finally halting in the tiny coastal town of San Juan Del Sur, Nicaragua.

For the two recent business graduates from the University of Alberta, every single thing on this trip will be an exploration — of foreign lands and of themselves. With absolutely no construction ability to speak of and very amateur surfing skills in tow, the driven and energetic duo will build their own retreat home from scratch, a surf house on their newly acquired ocean-front property, all while being filmed and documented for their upstart documentary project, *Life In Reverse*, a 24-episode series on Third Storm TV. Third Storm TV is a local Internet-based network which is starting production on two

shows, *Life in Reverse*, the network's first docu-series, and a snowboarder current-affairs program, *Snow Nation*.

To some, their entire adventure may seem like a somewhat preposterous adventure in itself; however, their lust for adventure and challenge precedes the snags they may encounter. "Everything we're doing on this trip I have a fear of, and I want to overcome them all. It's everything I've wanted to do, I just didn't have the balls to do it," says Brandt, who has a limited travel history, but enjoys a palpable dream of the unknown. Service, coming from a completely different upbringing, mentions that "when I was nine-years old, my family and I went to Asia for four months and did hardcore, shoestring backpacking, and I think that had a lot of influence on me and growing my perspective outside of Alberta, Canada."

While the pursuit of their new gigs is only just beginning, Service and Brandt thank the education they've received at the U of A for preparing them for their departure, and likely the ability to prosper from whatever it is they may encounter. Yet the naysayers, often following the graduate-career-marriage-children-work-

retire standard, question the duo's bold reversal of trends.

"People ask us if we're upset that we went to school for five years and if we're not directly using our degree. But in our eyes, there is no way we'd be doing what we're doing and heading where we're heading without our education," says Brandt.

"Sometimes it's just people thinking we're blogging and putting up a YouTube video. But we're actually building a business out of it, we're not just airing this for our own interests. Hopefully people will see that one day," Service adds.

Service and Brandt (along with Third Storm TV), using their business savvy, have managed to acquire and freely licence more than 400 different songs by mainly independent artists (Jay Sparrow, Current Swell, Makeshift Innocence, and more) for the soundtrack to *Life In Reverse*. The team has also managed to set up sponsorship agreements with both local and international companies for their trip, website(s) and blogs. The *Life In Reverse* team, with Third Storm TV is also gaining advertisers daily leading up to their departure. Continuing this initiative is essential to the group as a lot of the work is done, perhaps, but there's

even more to follow.

"We started with nothing. We had nothing but an idea and we've worked our asses off to get here, 100-hour weeks for the last eight months at three jobs to build this," Service says.

Admitting that *Life In Reverse* may not work out as a project and as a potential business, Service and Brandt retain a vibrant attitude and enjoy the thought that it will be entirely worth every sleepless night of preparation.

"People see this effort and hopefully it inspires them. It doesn't matter what you have, if you're passionate about it," Brandt says. "I'll be disappointed (if *Life In Reverse* doesn't work out), but not half as upset as I would be had I not gone after this dream at all. I could go on with my life knowing I put it all on the line to try something amazing, regardless of whether or not it succeeds. If this project doesn't go as planned, at least I have some gnarly home videos to show my kids someday."

Follow Cam Service and Shaun Brandt's adventures via their blog (<http://thirdstorm.tv/life-in-reverse/blog/>) and watch the *Life In Reverse* series (<http://thirdstorm.tv/>) debuting Monday, Nov. 8.

Our Guy 'Takes One Down' So You Won't Have To



IF YOU'RE INTO HEAVILY SALTED FAST FOOD, THEN THE KFC DOUBLE DOWN IS FOR YOU. ALL OTHERS SHOULD AVOID

By **SCOTT LINGLEY**

In what one can only assume is a flagrant failure of border security, the notorious KFC Double Down, the very name of which sounds like a dare, was launched on the Canadian market last week. Already a stand-alone punchline when it laid siege to already aggrieved American cardiovascular systems last spring, the Double Down does away with that filling bun and sandwiches bacon, processed jack cheese and the Colonel's special sauce between two battered 'n' deep-fried chicken breasts.

Given my opposition to stunt eating — I gave it up after a youthful delirium-inducing experience with some slightly rancid mukluk — and my disenchantment with fast food in general, I nonetheless felt oddly compelled to experience the greasy enig-

ma of the Double Down — or "take one down," in the chosen marketing parlance, though "before it takes you down" seems like the natural corollary to that statement. I mean, there's food that you know is bad for you but you want to eat anyway, but from the very start I failed to see the appeal of this misshapen homunculus that had apparently slipped its bonds and slouched forth from KFC's secret underground test kitchens to roam at will (but for a limited time only), prompting sane people to ask, "What hath God wrought?"

To be fair, the Double Down isn't really any more of an insult to one's physical well-being than anything else on the Colonel's bill of fare. The DD boasts just 540 calories, 32 grams of fat and 1,380 milligrams of sodium, pretty standard for the KFC menu and not even close to the big numbers put up by the King Burger combo I recently had at Fatburger. Unfortunately, this is about where its redeeming qualities end.

My bemusement with the mere fact of the Double Down should put me in the mainstream of contemporary opinion — certainly other people must see how ludicrous it is to make a bacon and cheese sandwich out of slabs of heavily breaded fried chicken. But upon consulting the menu board of a

downtown KFC to see what a Double Down would cost, I was shocked to see a handwritten sign apologizing for having SOLD OUT COMPLETELY of the DD's unique ingredient set. This wasn't about isolated incidents of gastronomic perversion committed by people who had fallen out of love with life — a social movement was afoot, possibly a deeply nihilistic one at that. The people were speaking around congealing mouthfuls of hyperprocessed foodstuff and I had no choice but to listen.

tion way to the nearest KFC.

The tiny outlet on 124th Street and 111th Avenue was an appropriately cheerless venue for my rendezvous with the DD, unwarmed by customer traffic or even the empty promises of satellite radio. Security cameras loomed from over the drive-thru till and showed me back my image, in case I thought I might like to start some shit. Polite counterstaff idly chatting together about their plans for Diwali contributed a vestige of humanity. The menu board at fast

didn't even crack a smile when she referred to the DD as a "sandwich," which it obviously isn't. The DD's cardboard container reminded me that the Colonel's original recipe is made with a special blend of 11 herbs and spices, though I've long speculated that at least six of them are salt. The DD looked strangely defenseless in the paper wrapper without which it would have been impossible to eat. Two fried chicken portions ornamented with small stalactites of orangish, peppery batter poked

IF YOU'VE GOT \$9 AND A BURNING DESIRE TO MILDLY AFFLICT YOUR INSIDES, THERE'S A WHOLE GALAXY OF SLEAZY FOOD CHOICES OUT THERE THAT ARE FAR TASTIER

An analogy has been made between having fast food and resorting to pornography, occasional flirtations with either providing the most compelling reminders for why one doesn't seek it out more often. This analogy held pending my journey to "take one down" — I felt vaguely ashamed and put it off repeatedly, even seriously considering that I would forego the whole enterprise. What if someone I knew saw me going in to buy it? Finally, alone in the house on a gloomy Sunday afternoon in which all the hope seemed to have gone out of the world anyway, I made my surrepti-

food restaurants is always a surprise — as feature items have become more elaborate in the never-ending quest to smooch appetizing flavours together to prink consumers' jaded palates, the addition of those novelities have driven up the cost so that fast food isn't really such a value-priced option anymore. A Double Down on its own is \$6.99, but with those much-needed fries, a small pail of soft drink and tax, it comes in at more than nine bucks.

I watched the polite counterperson for telltale signs that this was all some kind of prank, but she

brazenly out, extruding a squared off white tongue of processed pepper jack cheese and some flecks of pink known as the Colonel's special sauce. Timid, plastic-looking rinds of bacon peeked out like desperate fingertips poking out of quicksand. It was now or never. Ignoring the minatory "HOT!" printed on the wrapper, I opened my mouth as wide as propriety would allow and tried to fit the steaming meat mass between my teeth.

Now, I love Dutch dubbel route licorice, have enjoyed many a meal of

DOUBLE DOWN cont'd on p. 9



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KHADR SAGA IS A BLACK MARK ON BOTH CANADIAN AND U.S. JUSTICE

The saga of Omar Khadr is finally at an end — with the exception of the eight years he has left to spend in prison, and the nagging question of what to do with him after his sentence.

Khadr's story is well-known. A Canadian citizen who fought for al-Qaeda as a 15-year-old, Khadr has admitted to a U.S. military tribunal that he threw a grenade that killed an American soldier in 2002. He has been held in the U.S. Guantanamo Bay prison on Cuba ever since.

Despite the beatings, ill the right-wing media, and the fact that Khadr has now pleaded guilty to murder and attempted murder, the Khadr case is a blot on the human rights records of both the United States and Canada.

Khadr is now a well-built 24-year-old man, but at the time he engaged U.S. forces in Afghanistan, he was a mere 15, under the sway of his evil father, an al-Qaeda demagogue. It beggars the imagination that the United States managed to put a child soldier on trial for murder. Children — and Khadr was obviously a battle-hardened child, but a child nonetheless — do not face murder charges. It is also difficult to understand how a battlefield killing becomes a murder. Were the American soldiers who attacked the al-Qaeda compound where Khadr was hiding charged with murder for those they killed? Of course not — this is war, which is organized, state-sanctioned murder on a huge scale.

His trial — which began in August, after an unconscionable delay of eight years — was the first war crimes tribunal to prosecute someone for acts committed as a child. He

is also the only person to be found guilty of killing a U.S. soldier in Afghanistan.

But hasn't Khadr pleaded guilty to all charges against him? Yes, he has, but as Khadr's Canadian lawyer, Edmontonian Dennis Edney, points out: "He either pleads guilty to avoid trial or he goes to trial and the trial is an unfair process."

Like him or not, Omar Khadr is a Canadian citizen, born and raised in this country. As such, the Canadian government had a duty to represent his interests, just as it would if a fine, upstanding Canadian was thrown into prison in some other country on trumped-up charges. But the Stephen Harper government has done everything in its power to ignore the Khadr case. For some time now, Khadr has been the only western national still in Gitmo, all like others have been released and repatriated. Why didn't Khadr get the same treatment?

We're not saying that Omar Khadr is a saint. Even a 15-year-old can make intelligent decisions, and throwing a grenade at an American soldier is not an intelligent decision. But if Khadr has been a Canadian teenager, living in Canada, and had been charged with murder, every effort would have been made to rehabilitate him after a relatively short time in jail. Khadr, with the full approval of Harper's government, was allowed to spend a third of his life in prison, before his trial even began.

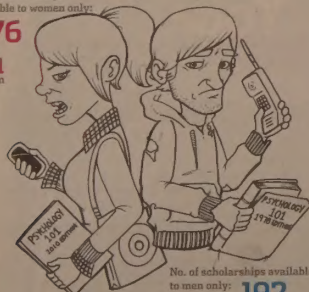
After one year, Omar Khadr is expected to come home to Canada to finish his sentence, and Canada will finally have to decide on what to do with this so-called criminal. A future Canadian government won't be able to hide behind Uncle Sam any longer.

BY THE NUMBERS • GIRL POWER

Females are finding it a lot easier to access scholarship funding in Canada than male students, according to the Globe and Mail.

No. of scholarships available to women only:

976
worth
\$1.1
million



No. of scholarships available to men only:

192
worth
\$250,000

OILERS LOOK AT CHEERLEADING SQUAD



POINT-OF-VIEW: SPORTS AND SEX

At Last, Something To Watch



OUTSIDE POLITICS: MAURICE TOUGAS
OILERS ARE GIVING
CHEERLEADERS THE OLD COLLEGE
TRY. BUT SHOULD THEY?

Last week, word came from on high that the Edmonton Oilers, our city's much loved, often lauded National Hockey League franchise, will become the first Canadian NHL team to have cheerleaders at their games.

Now in Edmonton, where anything the Oilers do becomes front page news and fodder for thousands of online comments, this has become Big News. Some people (short-haired women, assorted progressive types and hockey traditionalists) find it appalling, an insult to women and/or hockey. Other people (guys) find nothing wrong with having fit, attractive, gyrating, minimally-attired women within drooling distance. Go figure.

Cheerleaders, I was surprised to learn, are not unknown in the NHL. According to the Oilers, 23 of 30

NHL teams have cheerleaders, although none of the six Canadian teams have felt the need for their services. I suspect most of U.S. cities added cheerleaders to make it look like there are more than 5,000 fans in the stands. When your building is 75 per cent empty, there is a dire need to add some life to the place. Besides, they probably use them to pad their attendance figures.

But here in Canada, where hockey tickets are prized, we prefer our hockey pure and unsullied by crass, oh-so-American distractions like cheerleaders. After all, cheerleaders would distract us from the serious business of discussing plus-minus statistics.

Oiler president Patrick LaForge, in explaining the rationale behind the cheerleader decision, says they will "enhance the in-game experience" (is there an out-of-game experience?) In that regard, I have to agree. I haven't been to an Oilers game for years, but my recollection of the "in-game experience" was that it approximated that of a lively funeral. Sure, the Oilers do what they can, end less distractions on the video screen, and wretched music played at high decibels, all designed to enhance the "in-game experience." But Edmonton fans (outside of the

playoffs, as some of you may recall) are notoriously quiet. We take our hockey so seriously, we tend to suck the fun right out of the game. So if it takes cheerleaders to liven up a mid-February Edmonton Oilers vs. Minnesota Wild hockey game, so be it.

But I don't buy tickets, and apparently a lot of people who (claim to) buy tickets don't much like the idea. Just check out some of the comments attached to the online petition at petitiononline.com/nocheer to gauge the depth of the opposition to the idea.

"We don't need our children exposed to scantily clad bimboes at hockey games! If you want to see that sort of 'entertainment', take a trip to the USA," reads one. "These women are not good role models for my children. Will not take my kids to the games. The Oilers are exciting enough without 'scanks' dancing!" says another, which wins the award for the most creative spelling of "scanks" and the loosest definition of "exciting."

Cheerleaders are foreign to hockey, but they have a long tradition in sports. They originated in football, apparently way back in 1898. It was somewhat more sedate in those days. A "cheerful personage" would

TOUGAS cont'd on p. 7

On Intolerance, Bad Drivers and Lazy Voters



MY TOWN SCOTT LINGLEY
FROM BAD DRIVERS
TO STUPID OPINIONS,
IT'S TIME FOR A LOOK AT THE
WEEK IN ANNOYING THINGS

Monday morning there's water seeping out from under the bathtub in the upstairs washroom, the car is dead in the garage and a fresh layer of snow lies coats all the unfinished yardwork you were sure you'd still have time to do before the snow fell. What better way to kick off a summary of the annoying things that have drifted across the public transom this week.

Maybe you've previously come to conclusion that Edmonton's roads

heavily potholed, causing her cargo to bounce precariously — she still had cars tailgating, honking, trying to pass her unwelcome conveyance in a highly unsafe manner because she was going too slow. More appallingly, this was not an isolated incident. I'm sure you share her mortification but, if you don't, chances are you're just the kind of jerk who has no tolerance for a slow-moving DATS bus.

Speaking of intolerance, it seems like a lot of public figures with prominent platforms have gone on record saying a lot of ignorant things lately. For instance, American "news analyst" Juan Williams was fired from his gig with National Public Radio after he went on Fox TV's *The O'Reilly Factor* and talked about how nervous he gets sharing airline flights with Muslims, which is pretty mild compared to the "Muslims are our enemies" rhetoric that's been pouring out of America's right-wing noise machine. I think it was Mr. Williams' misfortune to air those views in a

planet? Which Middle Eastern nation has attacked us? Shouldn't we hastily intern all Western Muslims just to be on the safe side?

More frightening to me than the notion of thousands of rabid Muslims parachuting onto the Prairies with Qur'ans and Russian automatic weapons to subject us all to Sharia law is the idea of being trapped in a Muslim country that's been targeted for the spread of "freedom and democracy" by a western superpower. More than a hundred thousand Iraqi civilians dead and millions more displaced by a decade's worth of violence and destruction stemming from a war predicated on lies — hopefully it hasn't slipped the survivor's minds to thank the Christian leaders who made this transformation of their society possible.

And hopefully Gunter will think to keep his intolerance to himself when dealing with the "many" doctors, nurses, EMTs, mechanics, police and other peace-loving Canadians who espouse Islam and on whose help he

jected to coin tosses to decide what gets fixed this year. Important questions about how Edmonton should be redeveloped and how it will proclaim its presence on the global stage, about how it will help its neediest citizens, about how it will reckon with the mounting toll of climate change and what constitutes "quality of life"

in the 21st century are awaiting engaged and imaginative answers. And 66.6 per cent of you decide to stay home and watch *Dancing with the Stars* instead.

But what's seriously annoying is that 2010 voter turnout was actually up from the 27 per cent who voted in the 2007 municipal elections.

IT SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF PUBLIC FIGURES WITH PROMINENT PLATFORMS HAVE GONE ON RECORD SAYING A LOT OF IGNORANT THINGS LATELY

are filled with pretty horrible drivers — discourteous, disrespectful of traffic laws, needlessly aggressive and sometimes just plain old mean — but you've never heard an authoritative opinion on the matter. I share your dim view of the most obnoxious arm of the motoring public (and have had enough expletives yelled out car windows at me to sense that the feeling is mutual), but only after talking to an acquaintance who is also a DATS bus driver did I get some sense of how bad it could be.

It didn't seem to matter, she told me, if her vehicle contained five people in wheelchairs and if the section of road she was trying to drive over was

venue where he'd be commended for paranoia and stereotyping.

But it was the *Edmonton Journal's* Lorne Gunter — him again! — who tsk-tsked Williams not for his admitted prejudices against the visibly Muslim, but for his naivete about how terrorists dress, since Muslim terrorists try to blend in with their surroundings. "Williams is wrong to fear garbed Muslims," Gunter opined, "but his instinct is a natural one at a time when so many Muslims are at war with us."

And which "many Muslims" are those? Is Canada currently under siege by Indonesia or Malaysia, the most populous Muslim nations on

might have to one day depend... if it helps you cope. Mt. Gunter, "many Muslims" have proven themselves to be excellent free-market capitalists and "some Muslims" share your retrograde anti-progressive views. You should get on like gangbusters.

Lastly, not least annoyingly, the two-thirds of Edmonton's eligible voters who didn't bother casting a ballot deserve a special mention in this week in annoying. Seriously people, Edmonton is teetering on the brink of becoming a major North American metropolis even as it sprawl continues sprawling unabated and infrastructure repairs are sub-

undulating, tightly and/or scantily clad females in close proximity to 25-year-old rig pigs from Fort McMurray who have just spent \$50 on beer and will expect something in return other than another putrid Oilers performance.

I'm sure the Oilers will be careful with their family-friendly image and not go overboard on the skank train. Still, I can see a number of logistical problems with Oilers cheerleaders. For starters, they can't go on the ice, although that would provide hilarious entertainment by way of pratfalls. Cheerleaders will have to be restricted to the stairs, which would limit their movements appreciably. The stairs at Rexall are very narrow, with barely enough room for one fat guy at a time. The close quarters of Rexall would also bring attractive,

undulating, tightly and/or scantily clad females in close proximity to 25-year-old rig pigs from Fort McMurray who have just spent \$50 on beer and will expect something in return other than another putrid Oilers performance.

I'm not a traditionalist in just about everything — I am old, after all — so I'm basically opposed to Oilers cheerleaders. The best way the Oilers could enhance the "in-game experience" is to provide a winning team that might actually get the fans to rise out of their too-small seats to cheer. Cheerleaders are no substitute for a winning team.

Although, if the Oilers are looking for an objective party to select the cheer team, I am offering my services. Anything to help out the home squad.



call to artists

Call to Artists - Request for Proposals

Meadows Community Rec Centre Public Art Project #2

Budget: \$65,000 CAD (maximum, all inclusive)
Eligibility: All Canadian and International visual artists
Deadline: 4:30 pm on Friday, November 19th, 2010
Installation: Spring 2013

Meadows Community Public Library Public Art Project

Budget: \$70,000 CAD (maximum, all inclusive)
Eligibility: All Canadian and International visual artists
Deadline: 4:30 pm on Friday, November 19th, 2010
Installation: Spring 2013

Call to Artists - Request for Qualifications

Grant MacEwan LRT Station Public Art Project

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Deadline: 4:30 pm on Friday November 19th, 2010
Installation: Summer 2013

Meadows Community Rec Centre Public Art Project #1

Budget: \$485,000 CAD (maximum, all inclusive)
Eligibility: All Canadian and International visual artists
Deadline: 4:30 pm on Friday November 19th, 2010
Installation: Spring 2013

publicart.edmontonarts.ca/calls
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The Public Art competitions listed above are held in accordance with the City of Edmonton policy "Percent for Art to Provide and Encourage Art in Public Areas" (C458C).

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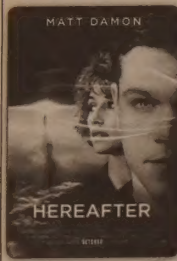
edmontonarts.ca

TOUGAS cont'd from p. 6

tap a fellow fan on the shoulder, and inquire: "Pardon me, dear sir, but would you care to join me in a rousing 'huzzah' for the home team?" In time, women were recruited to lead the cheers, but that experiment nearly came to an end in 1913 at the Princeton versus Harvard game when a "cheerleaderette" inadvertently flashed some ankle, resulting in a near riot. (I am, of course, making this up.)

Cheerleading today varies from city to city. Here in Edmonton, the Eskimos have opted for an athletic troupe that does a lot of quite impressive, college-style stunts. This is an evolution (please note I said 'evolution', not necessarily 'improvement') from earlier Eskimo cheerleaders, who were hired more for their measurements (anybody remember 'see-

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—BRIAN KOPPELMAN, *Rolling Stone*



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COLUMN Q AND A

Pretty Profitable In Pink

THE STRAIGHT DOPE CECIL ADAMS
**DOES ALL THAT PINK MERE-
CHANDIZING REALLY HELP
BREAST CANCER RESEARCH?**

Do pink ribbon campaigns do any good, or are they mainly a way for corporations to fleece consumers by leveraging their fear and sympathy over breast cancer? Where is all the money raised by pink ribbon campaigns going?

— Jill Gatwood, Albuquerque

A lot of people are starting to wonder about this. It's not so much that consumer products companies are exploiting concerns about breast cancer to sell more yogurt or lipstick, although that's part of it. The real issue is that we don't have much to show for all the ribbons, runs, and billions of dollars spent on research. Instead we've built a vast breast cancer industry that generates lots of jobs, profits, and awareness, but so far nothing that will prevent breast cancer, and nothing that will reliably stop it besides the knife.

One sign of the frustration is the Breast Cancer Deadline, a campaign launched earlier this year by the National Breast Cancer Coalition. In a jab at the endless optimism of pink ribbon campaigns, the NBCC website now declares "We're Giving Up Hope" and proposes instead "something more powerful": a firm commitment to wiping out breast cancer by Jan. 1, 2020, the implication being that we've been screwing around till now.

To give the run-for-a-cure crowd some credit, pink ribbon campaigns have been remarkably successful in what they set out to do, namely increase breast cancer awareness and funding for research. The color pink and pink ribbons have been used as symbols since the 1980s, initially by what's now called Susan G. Komen for the Cure, perhaps the best-known advocacy group. The idea got a boost in 1992, when the Estée Lauder cosmetics company teamed up with Self magazine to create an awareness campaign symbolized by pink rib-

bons. Things took off from there, leading to the present orgy of what critics call "pinkwashing" during Breast Cancer Awareness Month every October, in which pink-ribboned products, events, and publicity come at you from all sides.

If it all seems a little chaotic, that's because it is. No single entity is in charge of all the pink ribbon campaigns. In contrast to Canada, where the pink ribbon symbol is controlled by the Canadian Breast Cancer Foundation, in the U.S. anyone can slap a pink ribbon on anything — thus pink vibrators, pink handguns, pink motorcycle-battery chargers, and pink cement mixers.

None of these stunts is necessarily a scam, and no doubt many are well intended. But they often involve considerable effort for decidedly modest results. One often-cited example is Yoplait's program, in which the company donates 10 cents to the Komen group for each beribboned yogurt lid mailed in. OK, that's nice, but think about it: If you dutifully save 120 over the four-month run of the campaign, you'll have to store and ship them, the postal service will have to transport them, and Yoplait presumably will have to count them, for a total donation of 12 bucks. You'd save yourself and everyone else a lot of trouble if you just sent in a cheque.

Laborious though they may sometimes be, such schemes have generated plenty of money for breast cancer research. The Komen foundation has awarded \$450 million since 1982, the Avon Breast Cancer Crusade \$640 million since 1992, the Breast Cancer Research Foundation \$350 million since 1993. Federal funding has also increased dramatically. In 1990 the U.S. National Cancer Institute allotted \$81 million to breast cancer research. Five years later that amount had nearly quadrupled to \$309 million, and in 2009 totaled \$685 million.

It's unfair to say all that expenditure accomplished nothing. The NBCC notes that breast cancer killed 44,000 Americans in 1991, com-



pared with 40,000 now — seemingly only a slight improvement. But that's deceptive, since the population has grown. NCI data shows the breast cancer death rate has fallen by roughly a third since 1990. (In Canada, there will be an estimated 23,200 cases of breast cancer this year and 5,300 deaths.)

What hasn't appreciably improved is breast cancer incidence — that is, the number of women who contract the disease. Despite some improvement in the past decade, it remains about 25 per cent higher than it was 30 years ago. In Canada, one in nine women is expected to develop breast cancer during her lifetime and one in 28 will die of it.

This has led pink ribbon skeptics to hint darkly about a conspiracy involving fund-raising groups, manufacturers of carcinogenic products, and drug companies, who contrive to keep the research focus on detection and treatment rather than prevention. That keeps the lucrative cancer business humming while deflecting attention from the underlying causes, namely carcinogens released into the environment.

Paranoid? Maybe. Still, a woman's lifetime risk of breast cancer has increased from one in 20 in 1940 to one in eight now. I've seen 70 per cent of that increase reasonably attributed to longer life and better early detection. What accounts for the remaining 30 per cent? Nobody really knows. — CECIL ADAMS



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The High Cost of Raising The Future



URBAN MOM **ANGELA BRUNSCHOT**
THERE IS A PRICE TO PAY
FOR RAISING KIDS.
IT'S CALLED A WAGE PENALTY,
AND IT'S WRONG

Over the course of my maternity and parental leave, I've met some really amazing women. Mothers with degrees and diplomas, years of experience, and mad skills. Nurses, marketers, social workers and freelance filmmakers, all willingly set aside their careers for a year and sometimes more, in order to birth and nurture a new human being.

As much as I feel privileged to live in a country that supports the year-long maternity and parental leave, that time away from the office also has some hidden costs. According to a recent TD Economics report, *Career Interrupted* - The Economic Impact of Motherhood, becoming a mommy means significant and persistent wage losses for the rest of a

woman's career.

Alright, so women making less money than their male counterparts isn't news. TD Economics puts the difference at about 20 per cent, but only half of that can be explained by common factors such as experience, occupation, and age. The other half is linked to motherhood. Women pay "wage penalties" each time they leave the workforce to have a child, because employers use the frequency of absences as a way to gauge an employee's commitment, says the report. Every year of absence represents a three per cent drop in wages.

So, in other words, if a woman leaves the workforce to have a child, she's automatically considered less committed to her work? What rubbish. What nonsense. Sh*t. Stupid f**king...

Oops. I can't say those particular words because I've got a 10 month-old crawling around my desk absorbing everything I say. (Yes, I write by talking to myself.) But you get the idea.

When I e-mailed Pascal Gauthier, a senior economist with TD Bank Financial Group about the report, he emphasized that the "wage penalties" aren't just for women. Anyone who takes a significant leave from

work faces similar consequences. Men who take parental leave to raise their sons and daughters for any significant amount of time will also face penalties for the rest of their careers. That really brings home the idea that we're not just talking about individual women here, but families. This isn't a feminist issue, it's a family issue.

The report was pretty unsettling for me. My partner and I have worked out a schedule of shared child-rearing, and plan to switch-off working outside and inside the home. I'm returning full time to this fine publication at the end of November, and he's caring for our little guy full time and perhaps working or going to school part time. Depending on the circumstances and individual opportunities, we'll switch off down the road. It seems like a great plan, and one that allows both of us to be fully involved in our son's life, while still pursuing our individual passions. Most importantly, it's a partnership of equals.

But reading this report, I'm realizing our perfect little plan means my partner will also face a "wage penalty" for helping raise our son. Perhaps we could deal with that alone, but when you factor in that, for the time being at least, the main bread

winner in our family faces a 20-per-cent wage difference, well, then I'm really pissed off and worried. Holy c**p, what are we going to do?

Deep breath. Everyone knows sacrifice comes with parenthood. For the most part, my partner and I are happy to accept less sleep, a messy house, and that constant sour smell of spit up milk. Really. Becoming parents brings a deep personal satisfaction and daily joy. It's also something we consciously choose to make a part of our lives.

As for the lower income, as a writer and as an editor of an alt weekly, I'm no stranger to tight budgets. We'll make it work. But that doesn't make it fair or really sensible. What really raises my ire is that parents are seen as less valuable in the work place. That makes no sense to me whatsoever. If anything, becoming a mother has made me a better employee. I'm more organized, more empathetic, more mature, and most importantly, I'm happier.

All right, so maybe I'm not more mature.

The fact that my year away from formal work could cost me three per cent of my wages for the rest of my life just makes me want to f**king scream.

DOUBLE DOWN cont'd from p. 5

Portuguese bacalhau, and can't get enough of movie theatre popcorn. The Double Down was a whole new dimension of salt. The parts of my tongue with non-salty taste receptors searched in vain through the agglutinated paste of chicken, bacon and cheese for some flavour that wasn't salt - not even the smokiness of the bacon prevailed. The odd crunchy knot of batter in all that tacky, juicy saltiness was pretty much the only variation in texture, and the special sauce might have been a little sweet, but I'm not sure. It was just plain weird.

Undaunted by the sheer monotony of flavour, I found an excuse to abandon the exercise when the last third of the "sandwich" sloughed its crispy skin and fell to oily flunders impossible to handle while still retaining a shred of dignity. In an ironic turn, I resorted to the Colonel's extra crispy fries to attenuate the film of salt that had costed my mouth, though this did nothing to push down the inextricable bolus of something-or-other fetched up in my esophagus. But I could say that I had "taken one down." Now you don't have to.

To reiterate, I'm not seeking to condemn the KFC Double Down on its manifest unhealthiness, I'm just saying if you've got \$9 and a burning desire to mildly afflict your insides, there's a whole galaxy of sleazy food choices out there that are far tastier.

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HALLOWEEN • PREVIEW

DEADMONTON IS SET TO SHAKE EDMONTONIANS TO THE CORE

BY ROBIN SCHROFFEL

Four haunted houses. Three mysterious mazes. A fascinating flock of freaks. Revolting rides. Grisly games and peculiar prizes. Classic carnival chow. And, for those old enough to imbibe, a bloodcurdling beer garden in the centre of it all.

Screamfest exists to shock, scare and celebrate the darkest day of the holiday calendar in a way Edmonton has never before seen. Long entrenched in Calgary as the city's freakiest annual affair, 2010 marks the birth of what its producer Mike Sheppard intends to make a new Champion City Halloween tradition.

From its ultra-creepy, ramshackle *Bates Motel* to the sensory deprivation of the *Black Hole* and bloody *St. Anne's Hospital* with its unhinged patients roaming its dilapidated halls, the fear factor at *Screamfest* is high.

Designed to fill the void for teenagers too old to trick-or-treat and adults craving something than pub crawls and bar bashes, *Screamfest*'s intense scariness is the reason it carries a 14A rating. However, producer Mike Sheppard is quick to explain that the number is just a loose precaution; it's an indoor event, security is everywhere and all ages are welcome to attend, with or without someone to hold their hand.

"Fear is a funny thing and you can't really put an age on it," he says. "We don't limit. Although we recommend 14A, we get some very young kids who just kind of laugh at it all and we get some adults, football-player guys, who will drop to their butts in fear."

Wander through *Terror Under the Big Top*, *Screamfest*'s eye-searing, neon black-lit house of horrors, and you'll begin to understand how this could happen. At the entrance, slip on a pair of 3-D glasses and melt into a disconnected, alternate reality made all the more alarming by your fractured vision.

Anyone who's wondered what it's like to be buried alive can find the answer at *Screamfest*. Two coffins simulate that final ride from funeral home to hearse to the bottom of the grave, while bystanders get a glimpse inside the coffin via closed-circuit television.

And in *Saint Anne's*, bloody mental patients are deeply in character, pick your way past deformed and mutated fetuses, bodies left mangled and just hope that the ones that look dead, stay that way. They often don't.

Be warned: the loud noises, sudden movements, and flashing lights aren't for everyone. But Sheppard and his team at *Screamfest* have seen it all, and they're prepared for anything.

"We've had panic attacks, we have people who pee their pants nightly, in fact, last year in Calgary, we actually had a guy who crapped himself but didn't want leave so he kept going through the haunted houses," Sheppard says. "Not everyone does that. But you do have the odd person who's gonna get scared and run into a wall and break their nose. We always have paramedics on-site."

So what's the key to creating something so frightening that it has grown men pouring their pants in public? People, says Sheppard.

A HORROR INVASION

Screamfest brings a bloody good time to everyone in Deadmonton. (PHOTO BY SHAWN GILBERT)



"We rely on staff. It's the staff that makes it believable. The assets we have in Edmonton alone are probably 5- or \$600,000 worth of stuff, but all of that is nowhere near as scary unless you have actors in there. We hire about 100 people and we have them roaming around; we have them inside the haunted houses. That's what gets people. We try to scare them when they don't expect it," he explains.

Sheppard looks as if he's just another sensation, speculating that people enjoy being scared because it's unexpected. "It's just a different thrill. I think it's the same reason people like spicy foods. It's just something that catches you off guard, you're not used to it, and then you laugh after. And a lot of people like it because, it's not that they get that scared but it's so fun to watch other people get scared."

If you're not into being spooked yourself,

there's still enough going on at *Screamfest* to keep you busy. Sheppard has booked an impressive freak show with performances periodically over the night. Its roster includes locals Ryan Stock and AmberLynn of Discovery Channel's TV show *Guinea Pig* who push the human body to uncomfortable extremes; 450-lb. contortionist Fatt Matt; and Brianna Belladonna, reportedly the last living female sword swallower. Carnival games, airbrush tattoos and a pair of mazes with proceeds going to the Kidney Foundation are other entertainment options.

Sheppard, an entrepreneurship teacher at Calgary's Mount Royal University, has made fear his main business for the past six years after buying out his former partners and bringing in family members as investors. He was never a Halloween nut, contrary to some of his staff

("One of them has spent more than \$4,000 on costumes this year. It's just a passion for them," he says). But he knows a potentially successful business when he sees it, and that's his personal passion.

"What I'm most proud of about the company is that it's so fun to be a part of something that people will talk about," Sheppard says.

Besides, orchestrating large-scale Halloween entertainment has its perks.

"What other business can you be in where I'm sitting at home boiling a hundred pig hearts?"

Screamfest Deadmonton
Edmonton Expo Centre - Hall A
(Oct. 28-31, 6 p.m. to midnight.
\$20; includes entry to four haunted houses
and one maze, plus one re-entry.

Ghoulish Improv



Not literally this Halloween's Theatresports. | MARK JOHNSON/PHOTO AND TROY LASSON/ART

EDMONTON'S VARSONA PLANS A BLOCKBUSTER WEEKEND OF HORRIFIC BLINKS

HALLOWEEN
Varsona Theatre, Oct. 29-30

BY 'ICKIT' ALII

What comes to mind when you think about Halloween? Do images of candy and costumes cross your mind or are thoughts of gore and ghouls conjured? If you live in Edmonton and have a taste for improv theatre, chances are you might think of Varsona Theatre's Halloween.

This long-running performance of ghastly proportions is comprised of two events rolled into one fun-filled weekend. *Halloween Theatresports*, which takes place Friday, Oct. 29, and *Oh Susanna! Halloween Special* on Saturday, Oct. 30, are not far from the faint of heart. And with equal parts gore, glamour and hilarity, these events will surely not disappoint.

When asked what sets Halloween apart from other events happening around the city, Mark Meer, improviser and self-proclaimed "evil mastermind" behind the event, describes it as "the finest Halloween-themed comedy in town."

The shows consist of action-packed improv, intricate costumes, and gory props designed to get the audience into the holiday spirit.

What can viewers expect from the seasoned performances this year? According to Meer, "zombies, superheroes, costumes, candy ... and skeletons!"

Halloween Theatresports will appeal to gore and comic book lovers alike in an evening split between two acts of Rapid Fire Theatre's finest.

A new and improved Uncle Zombie will be first to take the stage, resulting in an assortment of zombies, dismembered body parts, blood, and humiliation for the losers.

The second portion of the evening will feature superheroes such as Wolverine and Captain America duking it out in the epic *Improv Secret Wars*. Watch as Canada's super team, Alpha Fight, battles with The Invaders from the U.S.A. in a match moderated by the fictional E! Mexican.

Departing from the show's tradition of superheroes duelling villains this year's festivities will solely tease superheroes from across the Marvel Universe who, according to Meer, "are restricted from using their powers and are limited to improv."

The next evening boasts *Oh Susanna!* the popular euro-style variety show that Meer describes as "a big party on stage." Susanna Patchouli, your hostess with the mostess, will dazzle viewers with her Halloween-themed extravaganza and not-so-modest ensembles from special guests including Michael Scholze and Roman Pfob to the musical styling of Death Level, Compagna del Mambo, and the *Oh Susanna!* Jug Band. This lineup has all the makings for a memorable evening. Expect special cocktails, tasty treats, pumpkin carving and, of course, The Game! The Game!, an *Oh Susanna!* staple. Come in disguise to be entered in the audience costume contest for your chance at one of five grand, yet fabulous, prizes.

So whatever may come to mind when you think of Halloween, consider checking out Halloweened this year for a ghoulish good time.

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ART - PREVIEW

Architectural Trash Talking

GRANDE PRAIRIE ARTIST
CONSTRUCTS A NEW DIALECT
FOR URBAN DESIGN

LAURA ST. PIERRE, URBAN VERNACULAR
Art Gallery of Alberta, Oct. 30-Feb. 13

BY ANASTASIA ABRAXAS

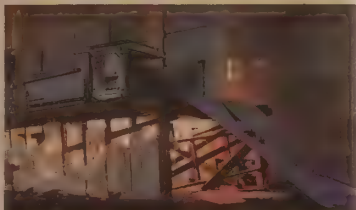
Since at least 1990, South Central has defined the urban vernacular of Los Angeles, not for its Snoop-shizzling patios but for the sky-scraping labyrinth Watts Towers, an early and shaming example of use-what-you-got architecture.

Closer to home, Grande Prairie (by way of Vancouver and Montreal) artist Laura St. Pierre explores the theme in a Canadian Prairie context: transforming large-scale photographs of her garbage sculptures into massive gallery installations. Her aptly-titled exhibit, *Urban Vernacular*, opens Oct. 29 at the Art Gallery of Alberta.

For St. Pierre, *Urban Vernacular* draws on the tradition of "architecture built without architects, with traditional expertise, without specialized tools and skills from materials that are readily available as a metaphor for articulating the role of waste on and in culture."

"If we were going to build a vernacular architecture," St. Pierre says, "it's definitely his out of garbage."

It's a playful response to the ingenuity we expect from Canadian DIY construction: using Lego blocks of know to construct igloos, buffalo hides to swaddle birch poles into tipus, slabs of earth and grass to cap off hand-dug subterranean sods. But for all its triumph over the natural world, such practices have been left solely to museum curators to celebrate and monumentalize, providing little space to discuss aesthetic or



Laura St. Pierre, *Untitled (Urban Vernacular Series)*, 2009. Archival ink jet on polypropylene, cultural dimensions

"You could talk about metric tonnes, or how many football fields are filled," St. Pierre says, "but you can't really apprehend garbage until you see it out there every day, blowing around the neighborhood."

This is especially true on the Prairies, where waste is often hidden from view. "In Montreal, garbage is a lot more public," explains St. Pierre. "On the Prairies, it tends to be a lot more private. We have the garbage bin in the back alley, and nobody really sees how much you produce. In Montreal, there aren't back alleys and everyone puts their garbage bags and recycling bins out on the street. Three days out of seven there would be stuff on the curb."

St. Pierre began constructing sculptures from recyclable materials like furniture and plastic jugs and steadily saw the scale of work increase to large outdoor installations.

But exhibiting her work in this fashion presented challenges, prompting St. Pierre to approach her practice through a new medium. "When you do installations outside, it's not really an art context," she explains. "People don't know what it is or what's going

on. Photography became the perfect way to mediate that so I could do the installations in a temporary fashion and the photograph becomes all that's left."

St. Pierre's photographs range from 34 inches by 10 feet to 40 inches by 21 feet. "They're very large panoramas. Because I'm coming out of a practice of installation, there's a sculptural aspect to the photographs," she says. "I'm really interested in them being large enough so that they can be immersive. It's not a picture of something, it can be an experience."

St. Pierre says *Urban Vernacular* isn't meant to teach a lesson but to prompt questions of gallery space: built of her artistic choices and of audiences' own involvement in material culture. "What I want is for people to ask: 'Why would this person build this? Where have they built it? What materials did they use? How does that relate to my experience living in this culture?'" says St. Pierre. "For me the larger question is, how do you cope with living in this particular society at this particular moment in time with incredible wealth and excess?"



A Celebration of Culture

LOCAL UKRAINIAN DANCE TROUPE CELEBRATES ITS 40TH ANNIVERSARY

THE ART OF CHEREMOSH GALA
(Edmonton EXPO Centre, Oct. 30)

BY YURI WUENICH

The Edmonton region is home to more Ukrainian dancers per capita than anywhere else on the planet, including Ukraine. Maybe it owes to the city's rich tradition of celebrating cultural diversity or the deep roots Ukrainians have in the region, which the world's largest pysanka and the Ukrainian Cultural Village attest to. And admittedly, just maybe, these are the prevailing stereotypes we hold of Edmonton's Ukrainian community: they dance, dress happy, smile a lot and paint eggs. It sounds quite zen, really.

Iason Golnowski is Ukrainian, a dance veteran who is coproducing this Saturday's distinctly un-questionably Ukrainian event *The Art of Cheremosh Gala*, which celebrates the Cheremosh Ukrainian Dance Company's 40th anniversary. Golnowski estimates that roughly three quarters of the company share some Ukrainian heritage either by birth or marriage. The same likely holds true for the audience at this

Saturday's sold-out 1,000-strong gala.

The organization is mostly driven by volunteers, many who are former dancers, but people also involve for different reasons, says Golnowski, now 38. "In 1991, I came aboard largely because of the artistic director, Mykola Kanewets. I've stayed active as a producer but few people in Canada make a career out of being a Ukrainian dancer. At the end of the day you end up with bad knees, a closet full of costumes and great memories."

Even if the Ukrainian dance tradition evolves more slowly than other art forms, Golnowski recognizes that demographics do change rapidly. As such, Cheremosh has embraced social media tools like Twitter, Facebook and YouTube as a means of reaching young people among other audiences. The internet has given the group a broader world-wide reach which has helped create opportunities they might have otherwise missed. For example, Golnowski says they had to decline a gig in Taiwan because the timing conflicted with the anniversary event.

Keeping the dream alive is easy when you've got a well of Ukrainians to draw from and with them Ukrainian dance companies Golnowski

says there are roughly 10-15 Ukrainian dance groups in the Edmonton region ranging from amateur to semi-professional to Shumka and Cheremosh, its two most celebrated Ukrainian dance companies in Edmonton. Growing up with Cheremosh made it easier to accept new dancers, but you can't hardly expect to dance for them if you just walked in off the street.

Most of the dancers in an SO-person cast are university-aged people and all of them have been dancing since they were kids, says Golnowski. "It's not like just anyone can do this. Maybe if they've studied dance before, like ballet, but it's not like picking up a ball gown and it all comes back to you."

In addition to the dance mastery on display this Saturday, the gala will feature an created exclusively for the event by Larisa Semblat, Chelidyn an orchestral composition by three-time Juno-winning composer Malcolm Forsyth and the re-release of Cheremosh music on CD that was previously only available on vinyl. Cheremosh is ethically a triple threat artistically. Unfortunately, says Golnowski, the music isn't available on MP3 just yet, but will be soon. He's you're in a hurry along tradition so much.

THEATRE - PREVIEW

Children Playing With Death

NORTHERN LIGHT PRODUCTIONS BRINGS A CONTROVERSIAL PLAY TO THE STAGE

THE 4TH GRADERS PRESENT AN UNNAMED SUICIDE
(TheatreSpace Art Barns, Nov. 2-6)

BY TRENT WILKIE

Instead of a watty intro describing Northern Lights' new production I decided it's best just to tell it like it is. It's a play about students in a Grade 4 class who commemorate one of their friends who killed himself, by performing the suicide letter that the child wrote in play format. This preview writes itself.

To some, this may sound like a dream state hallucination. The childishly surreal quote, "I need time to bleed and be alone," is pulled directly from the press release and the show gets even more staid. Done in the white box space of Studio B in the Transalta Arts Barns, 4th Graders is an intimate affair. Add to that that only 30 people a night will be allowed admittance, you have something that will talk right to you.

"It's one of the darker things I've ever worked on," says actress Cheryl Iamson. "I play a child with cerebral

palsy. I've never played someone like this. It's fairly real, but it's the same time it's characterized. The characters themselves are funny because they are kids and like real kids they are so honest, no reason to lie. They become funny because of the harshness, much like real kids."

The topic is as relevant as can be, especially right now in Edmonton. With the U of A hazing hellbolloo going on, the idea of adults acting like children in 4th Graders, the play is both metaphorical and ironic. The idea of forcing people to embarrass themselves in order to fit was never just for kids.

"The themes are contemporary, especially with bullying," Iamson says. "That is one thing I related to because my oldest sister was really harshly bullied. It was brushed aside though, you know stuff upper lip and all that. You would like to think that bullying will someday stop, but until society becomes better at dealing with these things healthily I don't know if it will. Another serious topic that the play touches on is eating disorders. People are starting to realize that younger and younger kids are becoming anorexic."

"Poor self image rings true for a lot of people but for those with chil-

dren it's going to really hit home. The play covers a lot of things but you may not like to acknowledge, but it's right there in front of you because the space is quite small. It's really close it's perfect."

And according to Iamson, the play is in good hands. With Schmidt directing and being written by Sean Graney, it stars Nadine Chu, Mari- anne Copithorne, Jesse Gervais, Kayla Gorman, Sue Hull, and Cole Humen.

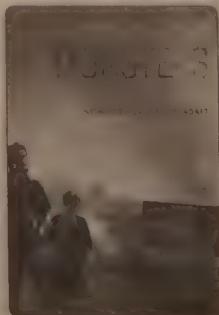
"The cast is loaded," Iamson says. "It's one of those casts that have a lot of heavy work behind them and it helps. Everyone is very supportive and contributes in every way possible."

For example, Nadine and Mari- anne played characters with cerebral palsy in the past so their experiences are really helping me out. Also, some of the cast have kids so that adds another perspective that we need. Everyone is treating this production with respect and at the same time having fun with it."

I guess the theme for today is getting by with a little help from your friends. And even if they are doing a dramatic interpretation of your suicide note, at least they are doing something.

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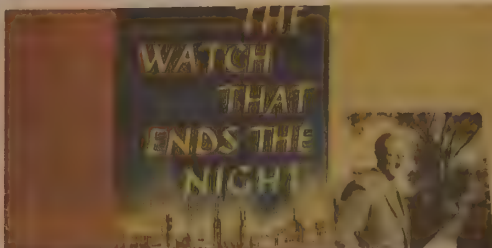
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BOOKS • FEATURE

Canada's Literary Treasures



Hugh MacLennan's *The Watch That Ends the Night* (1959) is one of the many first editions on display at Rutherford Library. (BARRY HAMMOND)

SOME OF CANADA'S GREATEST LITERARY MASTERPIECES ON DISPLAY AT THE U OF A

Governor General's Literary Award for Fiction First Editions Collection

The Rutherford Library South, University of Alberta: to:lan.11

BY BARRY HAMMOND

"The proper study of mankind is books."

So said Aldous Huxley in *Crome Yellow* in 1923. If you're in the mood to test the idea in the here and now, one of the best places you could do it right now would be The David Peel Special Collections Library in the basement of The Rutherford Library South on campus at The University of Alberta, between now and Jan. 11.

Installed there since September is a collection of the Governor General's Literary Award for Fiction first editions and connected ephemera starting with the first winner, *Think Of The Earth*, by Bertram Brooker from 1936 right up to last year's award winner Kate Pullinger for *The Mistress Of Nothing*.

"The great thing about this exhibit is it really encapsulates the great Canadian writers of the 20th century and getting into the 21st as well," says Sarah Mead-Willis, rare book catalogue at the library.

These include not just the first editions themselves and their covers (with variations), which also provide a window into the history of graphic design and marketing, but specially bound presentation copies, items like letters and proof sheets, a long-playing record of songs that was released with the original edition of Margaret Laurence's *The Diviners*, end-flap drawings by controversial Soviet defector Igor Gouzenko, and many other artifacts of interest.

The exhibit was put together by John Meier, a collector based in British Columbia, and his WA Deacon Literary Foundation. "The philosophy of what I'm trying to do with the foundation and exhibits and everything is to promote Canadian literary heritage and make the public

aware of how great the literature is that's being produced in this country."

Meier states in the exhibit's catalogue that, "we seem to have an inferiority complex about the quality of our literature. This may be the result of living in such close proximity to the 10,000-pound elephant which is the United States."

He assures the reader that there's no reason for it, that Canada, has "an outstanding literary history."

Meier, who's read 50 out of the some 73 titles and is aiming to finish the list in the next couple of years, like many immigrants, seems to have a greater appreciation of that history than many people who are actually from here. Born in New York but having lived in California, Las Vegas (his father was Howard Hughes' scientific adviser), and Australia, he came to Canada in 1972 and finished his last year of high school here. He now feels more Canadian than American.

Meier obviously loves books. In conversation one story digresses into another but his passion and excitement for literature, no matter whether he's talking about holding original manuscripts in his hands or the particular paper a certain dust wrapper was printed on, communicates itself by the sheer energy he conveys. He certainly appreciates the opening quote more than many federal and provincial politicians, who seem to have no interest in either culture, history, or anything outside getting themselves re-elected to power. The exhibition, which he wanted to tour across Canada, has received nothing from the federal government. Canada Council claims it's broke and refused to get involved. Not one but two different people at Canada Heritage told him, "to give the collection away and stop promoting Canadian literature." Don't get him started on the National Library. The one in Ottawa he maintains is "a disaster," and tells tales of spines dropping off books because they keep the fluorescent lights on 24/7. ("It's baking the books"), plastic covering some of the

bookcases because of water damage, direct sunlight coming onto books in some places, humidity meters where the readings are 20 per cent in one place and 80 per cent 50 feet away and staff, "cut back so severely that nobody's really enjoying themselves anymore, they're so overworked some of them, that they just don't want to be there."

The only government agency which contributed to the exhibition was The Alberta Foundation for the Arts which put in \$4,500 towards author performances. Meier has nothing but praise for the U of A, however. "I cannot stress enough how significant the work that the University of Alberta's doing. I've been to every major special collection across the country and what they're doing at the U of A is very special, very unique. I don't think people in Edmonton realize how lucky they are to have that university. Vancouver is much larger than Edmonton and neither UBC or SFU is set up to exhibit rare books."

He talks about meeting Merrill Dastard, the associate director of libraries, when the university put on a show of the binding art of Pierre Ouard, one of the artists who did the special bindings on presentation copies given to the Governor General, and Dastard sending him a catalogue of the exhibition Robert Desmarais, the assistant special collections librarian, says they've, "known John for quite some time... he invited me to his home in Delta and I had a tour of his collection. Everything was kept in darkness. You can imagine a main floor room - a bedroom - windows blacked out, fans going, humidifiers going and John started pulling out these books and it was quite an impressive thing to see... we decided it was a fantastic thing to show publicly."

The exhibition will also be shown in Toronto in 2012.

Perhaps Meier puts it best: "The written word is still the best expression of the human condition. It's why I've always been very passionate about reading and collecting."

The Devil Kris Kristofferson Knows

THERE IS NO BETTER WORD THAN HONEST TO DESCRIBE THE TALES AND SONGS OF KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

Blue One Resort and Casino
Saturday, Oct. 30, 8 p.m.
Tickets: \$49.50 and \$59.50 at Ticketmaster

BY KYLE MULLIN

Long after the song is over, something more can be heard in the fading hum of the strummed guitar strings, felt only by fingertips toughened from years of plucking those lonely notes. It's a beautiful revelry in what remains, and Kris Kristofferson has spent a lifetime finding that special sort of salvation from the fringe edges as he's forced himself towards — be it the Sunday morning hangovers he's become so famous for singing about, or a memory dulled by the much more potent brew of old age.

The latter is a prime example of the 74-year-old entertainer's biggest current struggle — right now he's sitting, racking his brain to remember the name of the John Steinbeck novel he used as a reference for one of his most renowned songs.

"It was inspired by, what's his name, he says of "Here Comes That Rain"

bow" again — a time that was based almost verbatim on dialogue between characters that scrape together a few sweet morsels of kindness amid a der during the Great Depression in Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, and went on to become a favourite anthem of Kristofferson's friend and mentor, Johnny Cash.

"I think I might've changed a word here or there, you know, just to make it rhyme. The scene always moved me," says Kristofferson. "I loved (Steinbeck's) style, and at the time (that I wrote the song) I wanted to be a novelist myself, so I could identify with what he was doing. I'd love to think that I could write a book like that someday, but I wonder sometimes if I have the brain just to write shows. As long as I keep playing eyes it'd be harder to finish something longer (than my songs), but I would like to write a novel before I totally lose my memory."

Novelist is one of the few vocations he has yet to try — from raw outlaw country singer to song writer for the likes of Johnny Cash and his old flame Janis Joplin, to actor to Rhodes Scholar to Army Ranger helicopter pilot to janitor at the Nashville studio he hoped to one day record his own ditties in

Each of those odd jobs have soared and shined for him again and again — his lauded performance as a cab driver in 1996's *LoneStar* helped salvage his reputation as an actor decades after *Heaven's Gate*, one of the biggest financial flops in movie history. His latest disc, 2008's *Closer to the Bone*, was hailed by critics as a masterpiece — years after his concept album *Third World War* was panned and left him branded as a has-been. Kristofferson recently crashed one of the helicopters he still flew as a hobby in the early '80s because he was still sweating out much of the whiskey he'd downed the night before. And his career as an outlaw troubadour nearly died before it began because most record execs in the late '60s dismissed the narrow range of his husky voice.

"I tell ya, I probably kept me from being a performer for awhile, at least his years of it," he says of his famous imitations as a singer. "But after that it didn't seem to matter because I was speaking my own songs. If I weren't a songwriter I would have no reason to be a performer, but I'm able to move audiences in the direction I want to go, and just the communication of the songs so far has kept me going. Willie Nelson

and I are good friends, and I know that even he doesn't think I should be singing."

It's a weird sort of perseverance and Kristofferson has been able to draw enough strength from every moment that has scuffed him to write songs sincere. The *Pilgrim* Chapter 33 where he sings with confidence. The gun up was worth the commo down.

That song was also inspired in part by the struggles that nearly strangled his recently deceased friend Dennis Hopper for years. Hopper had stalled after his success in the motorcycle odyssey *Easy Rider*, and soon his health began to mutate his dinner art.

"For Dennis, it was like that for a long time, at that time," Kristofferson says of the indulgences that turned deadly for many in showbiz during the '60s and '70s. "I think Dennis would agree with everything in *The Pilgrim* Chapter 33." After *Easy Rider* life got so difficult for him so many people have faced the same thing. I probably hadn't met at the time.

But eventually he did — by 1981. Rita Coolidge, Kristofferson's second wife and frequent performing partner, divorced him because of his

ecoholism. His easy bottle and a half a Jack Daniels habit cost him his pilot's license, after his helicopter passed out behind the unresponsive helicopter.

After sobering up, Kristofferson didn't immediately get a new redemptive moment — it came about that Kristofferson had already written a more fitting tribute to Hopper: Joplin's cash and all his seed ones that had wrestled with addiction and crippling heartache.

Kristofferson had titled it "The Devil on His Back" — his first self-titled album. Listening and our spoken word can sense the artist didn't detail obvious or deliberate acts. Instead he touched on far darker and subtler ones — the kind that make the broken-hearted soul all hope.

It's about the evil in us, giving up on any kind of selfishness. Kristofferson says of what is now considered one of his most underrated songs.

Sometimes just earning a living and keeping your mouth fed can hollow you. There are many things that'll pick and push you away from the creative person you want to be. The trick is to stay the devil in not getting turned away.



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Ghost Songs, Ghost Stories

STARS USE ROSES TO THANK THEIR FANS, AND DESPERATE, HAUNTING WORDS TO RELATE TO THEM

STARS

With Young Galaxy
Sundays Oct. 31, 7pm
Tickets: \$34.50 at www.rockcentre.com

BY KYLE MULLIN

The rose has long since bloomed — now it's uprooted, clenched and swung to come crashing down. For indie symphonists Stars those flowers are literally the most delicate drumsticks, bursting with the beat in a flurry of pedals.

Drummer Pat McGee often uses roses to pelt out his rhythms during concerts, and keyboardist Chris Seelman will grip the same stems to tap out gentle harmonies, before singers Amy Milan and Torquil Campbell hurl bouquets as gifts from the stage toward the open arms of their audience. In those moments Stars (which also includes bassist Evan Cranley) aren't mere indie rockers, but fragrant vagrants embracing their shows' sweet scents and sounds as if that's all they have left to lose, with everything else to gain.

"I like roses because they make the stage ours," says singer Amy Milan. "And they smell pretty, when you're around a lot of black boxes, like amps that have been in storage, things can smell bad. So a rose's scent really helps."

That lingering aroma can cling to their clothes, trail them like a fading memory or even a heavenly haunting spirit. It's a sentiment that laces every note and even the name of Stars' latest album, *The Five Ghosts*.

"I'm very superstitious. I can't dis-



Toronto's Stars dress as indie darlings this Halloween. PHOTO BY NORMAN KORE

cuss ghosts anymore. I need to talk about life," Milan says. "But when you're running through those songs on stage it's no longer about us; it's about the audience." (Singing) Dead Heart is great because the whole audience is singing it with us. So it's not about a dead heart but about being alive, and sharing that with our fans and their ghosts — not mine.

Frontman Torquil Campbell, who harmonizes with Milan, agrees with his singing cohort and added that he hopes to help fans become kindred spirits with all that haunts them.

"Songs are like ghosts," he says of the inspiration behind the band's latest album. "They both appear in your mind seemingly out of nowhere, and they come from the past. Songs bring the past into the present, just like ghosts do."

That séance with the audience starts with Stars spilling out luke-warm lullabies until their note by note toiling leaves the tunes boiling over the brim — drowning every one in earshot with cascading guitar riffs, searing synths and even a wail that swells like a broken heart on the band's signature song "Your Ex-Lover Is Dead." But what makes that bond with their fans lasting is the way that the band turns lyrics about

tender yearning into sweeping, all-lying cries, leaving song titles such as "I Died So I Could Haunt You," sounding not merely creepy and possessive, but genuinely heartfelt.

"I Died So I Could Haunt You" is a phrase that is both romantic and kind of macabre and threatening, Campbell says.

Lines like "Thousands of ghosts in the darkness. Lost in a strange neighborhood. The lights from the warm houses haunt them. They forget what they lost. But they know it was good. 'I Died So I Could Haunt You' reflect a ravenous state of desperation. And that anguished edge has been a recurring theme for Stars — coming across not as mere lyrics but rousing mantras like "Take Me to the Riot." "When there's nothing left to burn, you must set yourself on fire."

"I think that's where the meat of any good story is really," Campbell says of the yearning tone he burns into his every song. "At the moment people transcend their fear and make a move, whether up to heaven or into the abyss, they are at their most compelling. That's where great stories happen in those moments when people do something desperate and damn the consequences."

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THE WEEKEND KIDS

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Tickets: \$5 at the door

BY KATHLEEN BELL

"They fight a lot," says singer-guitarist Andrew Nguyen, sipping on a caesar at Original Joe's while singling out his cousins: guitarist Pete Nguyen and bassist Philam Nguyen. Drummer Daminh Nguyen agrees with a silent nod.

"We debate," Philam corrects. "You fight I debate," says Pete. "What's the difference?"

"I don't know," says Philam with a raspy voice, nursing his vocal cords with some tea.

"It's lucky that you're here or else they'd go on forever," adds Andrew.

So they may bicker but Edmonton's The Weekend Kids are built upon a stronger foundation

than just a few years of playing shows and composing pop-punk tunes together — they're family. Three brothers and one cousin make up a band that shares not only a love of the genre but a common history. Their parents surrounded them with music at an early age and all four cite listening to Green Day's *Dookie* as a turning point.

"[Green Day was the] first punk band I listened to," says Philam. "I remember it was on tape."

"When I wanted to start a band I was listening to Green Day," recalls Pete, who led the charge to form the group. "It was just hard to get other people involved. I think I basically bought a drum kit and told Daminh to play."

A recruitment technique only a band of brothers could get away with.

After falling in love with playing the guitar, Andrew was in. Then they just needed a bassist. With a classic quip about four strings sounding easier than six, Philam explained that he joined last. "I didn't think it was going to happen," he jokes.

But with the release of the band's debut LP, *Of Friends and Foes*, things are happening. The track "Twenty-Something" is getting its turn on the radio as Sonic's Band of the Month pick and they just finished a DIY video for the single too. The album itself is a rough n' ready, high-energy look at the kids' frenetic introduction to their early twenties. While at times it reaches for the anthemic, there are definitely sing-along moments fans can really hold on to and relate to.

"We went in with the goal of trying to capture our live sound," says Philam. "So all the instruments are raw. There aren't extra effects on anything."

They also charged into the recording process a few songs short of a record but the pressure of deadlines worked well for them.

"We booked our tour and our CD release party before we actually recorded the album, so we were like 'we have to record it in a month,'" explains Pete. "We finished it, like the last day possible. Then we got it mixed and mastered and it came back the last possible day to get pressed."



Sonic's October Band of the Month: The Weekend Kids (PHOTO SUPPLIED)

Then the CDs came the day of the show.

"It's a little last minute and I'm sure it involved a few fights/debates

Maybe a lesser unit would have cracked under the pressure, but it's not like they could break up and fade away. They're family.

GhoulsGoneWild



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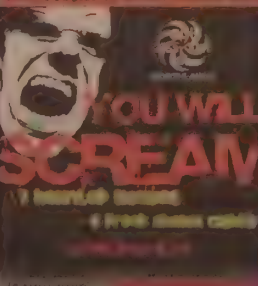
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REGGAE AT RED STAR**

Permanent Records is the best name I've ever heard for a store, and by Nov 30 next month it should become a must-stop of Whyte Ave life. With a number of the commanding officers of the now-extinct Mea-

tunes and certainly a few lessons on what to do and what not to do, as well as Clint Anderson, David Gaudin and singer Mike McDonald who fronted *It's Gonna Be*. The story will be at 5126 Gateway Blvd just off Whyte Says Anderson. This is what we love to do. We've met lots of music lovers over the years and want to continue being a part of their lifestyle. We want to be able to supply good music to anyone who wants it. We also want to continue to be a part of Edmonton's music scene and support it any way we can, on our own terms."

One thing Megatunes used to do quite well - besides sell heaps of CKUA fare like Tom Russell.

the in-store concerts and Petrucci intends to continue with these. Anderson, a passionate expert in all thing metal, says they may even *digitally resurrect* the late Arthur Faria from the awesome Blackbird Music (10442 82nd Ave.) has told me several times in the last little while, people are still buying music you can physically hold in your hands in Edmonton, vinyl being especially popular (with digital download - sides).

Not to get all "gift guide" on you, but after you visit Royal Bison on the Nov. 27 weekend, a stop at these record stores will, as my producer Artie says, surprise and delight.

Speaking of resurrection, CISE

shows for one day only for this year's FunDrive, including Crocodile Connection with Master Crocodile Hunter Jeff McWhorter, Dan Aykroyd returns to Flamingo Saucer Rock 'n' Roll, and Jay McInerney returns at Prairie School with *Idris*. Fashion Monday at 3 p.m. and Your Weekly YA Meeting with Adam and Aaron at 4 p.m.

Loot includes: scarves, T-shirt, belt buckle, and an awesome CD. I'll review over in Listen (page 161). The coolest station in town by far, looking to raise \$125,000 this time before 7 p.m. Nov. 8. Dial 492 CJS to donate.

Edmonton visual artist As Shumba's *Ding Red Star's Rage*

with resident DJ Junior Brown. You haven't tried the food at a monthly feast, you are missing out. Jamaican jerk chicken, bread, fried plantain, curry, chicken ribs and plenty of Red Stripe. Dinner starts at 5 pm - right at that work thing you people go downstairs at. 0534 Jasper Ave.

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BEAN-BLIND, BASQUAT, THE RICH AND THE POOR Director: Ramon Duenas USA, 2000, 93 min. Video 3.5 x 5.0, 1.33:1, 16:9		PG 10:00 PM-11:00 PM
QAPANGKANG: INUIT KNOWLEDGE AND CLIMATE CHANGE Director: Catherine Nadeau Canada 2010, 56 min. DVD 74 min. 70 min.		STC CLAREVIEW 10 10:00 PM-11:00 PM
THE GIRL WHO CALLED HERSELF A PRINCESS Director: Michael Lindhorst USA 1990, 95 min. Video 3.5 x 5.0, 1.33:1, 16:9		STC CLAREVIEW 10 10:00 PM-11:00 PM
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PARANORMAL ACTIVITY 2 Director: O.G. Smith USA 2010, 90 min. Video 3.5 x 5.0, 1.33:1, 16:9		STC CLAREVIEW 10 10:00 PM-11:00 PM
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EDMONTON

SOMETHING'S ENTERTAINING EDMONTON

thursday

friday

saturday

sunday

monday

tuesday

wednesday

WITH HALLOWEEN EVENT'S APLENTY, THERE WILL BE NO SHORTAGE OF CHILLS THIS OCT. 31.

OCTOBER 28

EDMONTON GHOST TOURS Kick off the spookiest weekend of the year with chilling walk around Whyte Ave. Take in the very real, and very scary Edmonton Ghost Tours. Learn about haunted Old Strathcona, Rescue Station III and Old Strathcona, 7 p.m.

OCTOBER 29

HALLOWEEN THEATRESPORTS II The Halloween season is just a little too scary for your liking, why not take in the festivities III Rapid Fire Theatre's annual Halloween here! You will laugh so hard it will make you scream! Varzosa Theatre, 11 p.m.

OCTOBER 30

SALSAPREARS HALLOWEEN PARTY Zumba meets a little ones, grab your costumes and put on your dancing shoes III help raise some funds for the Kids with Cancer Society and The Edmonton Hispanic Cultural Society. Northgate Lions Senior Centre, 8 p.m.

OCTOBER 31

SCREAMFEST Prepare to be scared! These seven haunted houses are not for the faint III heart! Scary clowns, scary doctors and scary hotels! Experience all the sight and sounds this Halloween has III offer. You've been warned. EXPO Centre, 6 p.m.

NOVEMBER 1

CHANTAL KREVIATZUK Why better to welcome the chilly and somber month of November than Canada's songstress! Enjoy her mellow voice paired up with the Edmonton Symphony Orchestra. Winsper Centre, 7:30 p.m.

NOVEMBER 2

CAKE WALK 2010 Cake, divas and fundraising! What's not to love! Join Lynn Mandel and Darrin Hagen's Gays in Disguise, as Cake Walk Goes Galsie with stunning cakes created III celebrate the ladies III pop music. Sutton Place Hotel, 7 p.m.

NOVEMBER 3

PARANORMAL ACTIVITY 2 If you are jostling for a late more fright this year, take a trip to your favourite cinema and check out this year's suspenseful smash hit! We recommended watching a night before you see this flick. Various locations and showtimes.

YEG LIVE Music Listings Provided by YEG Live

MUSIC

Live Music

ACCENT BURBANK LOUNGE - Greg Hayes and Jason Kader (Rock) - 10:30 PM - NO COVER.

BLUE CHAIR CAFE - Dave Babinski's Jump Trio (Blues, Jazz) - 7:30 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

BLUES ON WHYTE - Ross Hudson & The Sufferer's Bastards (Blues) - 10 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

CAFE HAVEN - Jordan Kennedy (Pop) - 7 PM.

EDMONTON EVENT CENTRE - Arena with Architects and Guests (Rock) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. SERVICE CHARGES MAY APPLY.

EXPRESSHOUSE - CD Release Party, Al Brant (Adult Contemporary) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

FESTIVAL PLACE - Scottish National Pipe Band (Gaelic, English) - 2:30 PM - \$54 AND UP. IN ADVANCE. SERVICE CHARGES MAY APPLY. CHECK WEBSITE FOR TIX.

HAVEN SOCIAL CLUB - Steve Dwyer and Guests (Rock, Rock) - 1:30 PM - \$25 IN ADVANCE. CHECK WEBSITE FOR TIX.

JEFFREY'S CAFE & WINE BAR - Alex (Country, Pop, Rock) - 8 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

NORTH GLENDA HALL - Sam Jackson & Darius (Pop, Folk, Rock) - 10 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR.

SHERLOCK HOLMES: DOWNTOWN - Rob Taylor (Adult Pop/Rock) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

DJs/Club Nights

BUDGY'S PUB - DJ Phonix/Hans (DJ) - 8 PM - NO COVER. CHARGE BEHIND BAR.

FLUID LOUNGE - Porters in Control (DJ) - 8:30 PM - NO COVER.

THE COMMON - Sex Necessity Thursday! Get Sexy (Dance with DJ) - 10 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE.

AXIS CAFE & THE METRO ROOM - Don Amers Band (Pop, Rock) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. OR AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

BLUE CHAIR CAFE - Alex Babinski (Country/Folk) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

Friday

Live Music

ARIDEN THEATRE - Diana Vally and the Cultural Heritage Choir (Pop, Regional, World) - 7:30 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. SERVICE CHARGES MAY APPLY. CHECK WEBSITE FOR TIX.

AXIS CAFE & THE METRO ROOM - Don Amers Band (Pop, Rock) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. OR AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

BLUE CHAIR CAFE - Alex Babinski (Country/Folk) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

BLUES ON WHYTE - Ross Hudson & The Sufferer's Bastards (Blues) - 10 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

BRANT HOTEL - Andrea and the Lotus (Metal) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

CANDIDA CL HALL - Country Swing Dance (Pop, Blues, Folk, Country) - 7 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

CONVOCAATION HALL - University of Alberta Centennial - New Wave Ensemble (Classical) - 7 PM - \$5 SUGGESTED DONATION.

CREMA CAFE - Blue Harvest (Adult Contemporary, Blues, Folk) - 7:30 PM - NO COVER.

DEVANEY'S WINE PUB - Dennis Harvey (Jazz) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

FRESH START CAFE - Miguel Angel Casas Brazilian Jazz Trio (Brazilian Jazz) - 7 PM - \$10 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

HAVEN SOCIAL CLUB - Halloween Weekend Show! (Rock, Pop, Blues, Folk, Country) - 7:30 PM - \$25 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

HORIZON CAFE - Steve Dwyer and Guests (Rock, Rock) - 1:30 PM - \$25 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

JEFFREY'S CAFE & WINE BAR - Jennifer Dwyer (Jazz) - 8 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

LIVE ON WHYTE - Billy/Wendy Assaf and the Five Years (Rock, Pop, Blues, Folk, Country) - 7:30 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

MYTH AND LEGEND - David and the Sufferer's Bastards (Blues, Folk, Country) - 7:30 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

THE AFTER - C.R. Army with Live Flying Circus (Blues, Folk, Country) - 7:30 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

WOK BAR - JACPER & DJ - Sherry Alan Gregg (Jazz) - 8:30 PM - NO COVER.

YARBOROUGH SUITE - Canadian Jazz Series: Gerald Brackley (Jazz) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

DJs/Club Nights

BUDGY'S PUB - DJ Andrew/Gale (DJ) - 8 PM - NO COVER. CHARGE BEHIND BAR.

FLUID LOUNGE - DJ Tony/Donna (DJ) - 8:30 PM - NO COVER.

OVERTIME SOUTH - DJ Sherry (DJ) - 8:30 PM - NO COVER.

Nail Biting Refreshes the Feet

The best things in life are free.

Remember when you were a kid and someone taught you how to remember things like what an anagram is? Big Brothers Big Sisters of Edmonton & Area is looking for caring, committed individuals to do the same for great kids between the ages of 6 and 18, both boys and girls, of all ethnicities and backgrounds. Consider becoming a Big Brother or Big Sister in a school environment. It's fun, free, rewarding and so worthwhile.

You don't have to change your life, to change theirs.
Go to bbbsedmonton.org or call 780.424.8181 today.



Big Brothers Big Sisters
Edmonton & Area

THE COMMON - Jason The Boy Friday, Pop, Shortland and Guests (DJ) - 9 PM.

THE DOORS - DJ Duncan (DJ) - 9 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

Saturday

Live Music

BLUES ON WHYTE - Ross Hudson & The Sufferer's Bastards (Blues) - 10 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

CROWN PUB - Andrew Open Stage (Pop, Rock, Country) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

DEVANEY'S WINE PUB - Dennis Harvey (Jazz) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

DOWNTOWN CENTRE - Oliver Jones Trio (Pop, Blues, Jazz) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH - Richard Erwin Singers and Memorial Community School Musical Ensemble (Classical, Gospel) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

HAVEN SOCIAL CLUB - Steve Dwyer and Guests (Rock, Rock) - 1:30 PM - \$25 IN ADVANCE. CHECK WEBSITE FOR TIX.

JEFFREY'S CAFE & WINE BAR - Jennifer Dwyer (Jazz) - 8 PM - \$5 AT THE DOOR.

JURILE AUDITORIUM - Edmonton Ballet Presents Ballet (Ballet) - 8 PM - \$20 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR.

MCDONALD'S GUEST CHURCH - Reformation Concerts (Classical) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR. 6-11 PM AT YEG LIVE LA.

NEWCASTLE PUB - Halloween Binge! Pop, Rock, Country and Live (Pop, Rock, Country) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR.

PAWNSHOP - DJ: Alex/Melissa/Michael/Meghan (Pop, Rock, Country) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR.

REMEMBER BAR & GRILL - Calgary Rock & Country Band (Rock, Country) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR.

SHERLOCK HOLMES: DOWNTOWN - Rob Taylor (Adult Pop/Rock) - 8 PM - NO COVER.

STEEPS TEE LOUNGE (OLD GLENDA) - Celebrating Culture through Music! Adult Guests with Darius (Pop, Rock, Country) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR.

YARBOROUGH SUITE - International Jazz Series: Rhythmic (Jazz) - 8 PM - \$5 IN ADVANCE. \$20 AT THE DOOR.

DJs/Club Nights

BUDGY'S PUB - DJ Andrew/Gale (DJ) - 8 PM - NO COVER. CHARGE BEHIND BAR.

FLUID LOUNGE - DJ Andrew/Gale (DJ) - 8:30 PM - NO COVER.

ASTROLOGY OCT. 23 - NOV. 21 BY THE KID

CRUISIN' THE COSMOS



SCORPIO (OCT. 23 - NOV. 21)

Whew! Thankfully it's all over for now. Even though it's really only a truce, after a battle that brutal it feels more like a win. Instead of all that celebrati- do, you're self some recuperati- on. You don't know how long this ceasefire will last before the guns begin again to blast.

SAGITTARIUS (NOV. 22 - DEC. 21)

You can think everything's OK, but wake up! It ain't. Get the stars outta your eyes before they start spinning around your head. Y'know, like they do in the cartoons when somebody gets an anvil dropped on it. Time for some clarity or you'll soon be seeking charity!

CAPRICORN (DEC. 22 - JAN. 19)

This weekend I'll kinda suck 'cause you're not a big fan of changing your routine, but you need to switch it up to get what you want. It may take some time to get used to it, but don't let yourself get impatient or odds are you'll end up an in-patient!

AQUARIUS (JAN. 20 - FEB. 18)

You thought that starting fresh would be easy, huh? Didn't figure you'd lose so many friends because they liked the "old you," did you? Ah, well, screw 'em all. It only means less baggage for you to carry on your journey of awakening. And that can only make it an easier one....

PISCES (FEB. 19 - MARCH 20)

Well, kiddo, this is it. Time to make the big decision about what you're gonna do now that you've made one about what you've done. As much as you love everyone, keep 'em at arm's length this week. As a water sign, it's easy for you to stay on the surface and reflect those around you. What you need to do now is dive into your depths and find out just what freaky life forms are down there!

ARIES (MARCH 21 - APRIL 19)

If you lose your treats when the bottom falls out of your bag, what do you do? Go around slitting the bottoms of other people's just so you can get a chocolate bar here or some boxes of raisins there? What if they were bringing the whole bag of candy to you because they knew you didn't have any? Need any more rope?

TAURUS (APRIL 20 - MAY 20)

Just keep your head down, go on with your work and ignore them next week. No matter how pushy

they are, don't let yourself get pulled down to their level and let them drag you down to some addle (NOT SURE WHAT THIS MEANS) argument. There's no way you'll win, even if you are right, so it ain't worth the fight.

GEMINI (MAY 21 - JUNE 20)

Whoa! It's gonna to have dreams, but you're downright floatin' away again this weekend! If you don't anchor yourself, your swelled head is gonna make a pretty nice target for some red-neck lookin' for practise. Especially if he can't tell if you're a harmless weather balloon or one of them UFOs!

CANCER (JUNE 21 - JULY 23)

Fortune finds you this weekend and you'll feel free to fulfill your deepest desires. What you need to know, however, is it's only with the cost of friendship that your fun may finally flourish. But then again, how many chances like this does a person like you get in a lifetime?

LEO (JULY 23 - AUG. 22)

When you wanna prune a tree, you don't cut all the limbs off at once or else the poor plant will perish. What makes you think you're any different? Just cuz you're a visionary and can see all the way down the line doesn't mean makin' changes doesn't take time!

VIRGO (AUG. 23 - SEPT. 22)

Is it bad luck or is it you? If you're not sure then you might wanna take a couple days this week to think about it. Fer instance, if luck is being at the right place at the right time, and being anywhere depends on what choices you've made to get there, then isn't luck only a result of decisions you've made?

LIBRA (SEPT. 23 - OCT. 22)

Try to think of love as a game. Hide-and-seek's a good one because it's a lotta fun whether you do the catching or get caught. Your problem is that you think you have to do the seekin' all the time. Well, try hidin' for a change. You'll be found sooner or later.

SAVAGE cont'd from p. 26

I grew up in a shitty conservative town with a batshit crazy mother and a philanthropic father who, despite leaving my mom when I was two, went on to be a pretty good dad and definitely the only moderately stable parent in my life. I wanted his love and approval. I went to law school and married a guy who was, essentially, my dad. They became best friends. Very shortly into the marriage, I fell in love with a woman, realized I'm a total homo, and got divorced. I'm still with the same woman and I'm no longer suicidal over my internalized homophobia. Yay.

My dad didn't exactly support my decision, but he has made an effort to get to know my girlfriend and isn't acting quite as crushed as I know he was when I came out and divorced my husband.

However, he continues to have a relationship with my ex-husband. This enrages me. I felt like he sided with the ex at every turn during our separation and

divorce, and now I feel like he's incapable of understanding my feelings. I'm still friendly with my ex, although I have tremendous guilt issues over not having figured myself out before dragging him into a marriage. My dad's point is that his friendship with my ex has nothing to do with me.

Am I just being a petty bitch or is he being an insensitive asshole?
Angry Lesbian Daughter

Petty bitch or insensitive asshole. petty bitch or insensitive asshole... does it have to be one or the other, ALD?

My dad bonded with your ex while you were married and didn't regard the divorce as your ex's fault. Perhaps your dad took your ex's side because he couldn't see that the divorce wasn't entirely your fault, either. You were a victim, too, ALD - victimized by the homophobia you had internalized. The homophobic culture that rendered you incapable of recognizing that you were a les-

bian when you dragged your ex into a doomed marriage is ultimately to blame - that doesn't mean you bear no responsibility - and if your dad couldn't see that at the time and was insensitive, then, yeah, he owes you an apology.

But you brought your ex into your dad's life, your dad bonded with him as a son-in-law, and it's unfair of you to demand that your dad cut all ties to your ex. That's controlling, irrational behaviour - a.k.a. petty bitchery - and you should apologize to your dad for it.

You have a right to your feelings, of course, and if your dad's relationship with your ex makes you uncomfortable, it makes you uncomfortable.

In this era of divorce, remarriage, and blended families, rest assured that you're not the only person in the world with an ex who's still, for better or worse, part of the family.

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Alpha Male Should Learn To Swallow His Pride



SAVAGE LOVE: DAN SAVAGE
**YOUNG FEMALE LOVER
HAS HARD TIME SPITTING OUT
THE TRUTH ABOUT
HIS MESSY REQUESTS**

all kinds of things in that vein. I would LOVE to do that for him — but when it's go time, I freeze and can't bring myself to do it and end up swallowing his come instead. Honestly, I think the thought of come bothers me. I can swallow it because once I do, it's gone and I don't have to worry about it — but with this, I have to play with it and run it all around in my mouth. I need to know how to embrace his come instead of fearing it so our sex life can continue to grow instead of stagnate on this one thing. HELP!

Frozen Creampie

According to Urban Dictionary — the final authority on all sex definitions these days — an "oral creampie" isn't anywhere near as involved a process as your boyfriend makes it out to be. "While receiving a blowjob," says Urban Dictionary, "the alpha male peaks to orgasm — while the male is in the midst of ejaculation, or cumming, the female continues the act of oral sex without removing her lips and/or mouth from the alpha male's penis — thus, causing the male to cum inside the females mouth, and possibly down her throat while she is

still sucking the male's penis."

You gotta love how the alpha male — no blowjobs for you beta males — "peaks to orgasm" all by himself. He isn't brought to orgasm thanks to the determined efforts of a giving partner. No. A blowjob is something alpha males do for themselves. There he is, our alpha male, peaking to orgasm all on his own, when suddenly a woman trips and falls face-first into his lap.

Presumably, your boyfriend eats your pussy. And when he does, FC, he gets your vaginal secretions all over his face — it's smeared all over his chin and cheeks and nose and lips. It's applied gradually, in layers, like a varnish. There's a big difference between your secretions and his — he comes all at once, in a few massive splats — but if he's eating your pussy, FC, he's already doing a slo-mo version of what he's asking

time soon.

Your inability to do this one thing — this one above-and-beyond thing — shouldn't be allowed to "derail" an otherwise excellent sex life. Your sex life can "continue to grow" even if this particular act won't be scratched off the boyfriend's bucket-o-com list anytime soon. Do the stuff you enjoy, try new things, continue to grow together. And maybe play with his come a little bit along the way —

YOUR INABILITY TO DO THIS ONE THING — THIS ONE ABOVE-AND-BEYOND THING — SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED TO "DERAIL" AN OTHERWISE EXCELLENT SEX LIFE. YOUR SEX LIFE CAN "CONTINUE TO GROW" EVEN IF THIS PARTICULAR ACT WON'T BE SCRATCHED OFF THE BOYFRIEND'S BUCKET-O-COME LIST ANYTIME SOON.

I love reading your column and never thought that I would have a reason to write to you, but to my pleasure and chagrin, I realized today that I could use your help. I am a 23-year-old woman. I have been with my boyfriend for three years, and we have lived together for two. We have a very healthy sex life, and the longer we are together, the better it gets! There is just one problem: He wants me to get really raunchy with his come when I am blowing him. I guess it's called an "oral creampie." Anyway, he wants to shoot on my face with my mouth open, he wants me to let him come in my mouth and then let it drool back out on my chin or his cock,

Anyway, FC, it looks like you're doing the oral creampie already. You're blowing him; you're swallowing. Your boyfriend is asking you for what we're going to call "more." And this isn't something he's asking you to do "when [you're] blowing him," but after you're done blowing him. Because once he comes, FC, the blowjob is technically over. Emission accomplished. So he's asking for a blowjob-and-then-some, an above-and-beyond-the-call "post-blowjob indulgence."

A couple of thoughts...

you to do for him.

But even so, FC, your boyfriend has to recognize the above-and-beyond nature of the request he's making. He's getting head — good, enthusiastic head, too, as evidenced by all the alpha orgasms he's peaking. And there you are, only too happy to swallow — even if your true motive is to dispose of his semen as quickly as possible. It seems to me that (1) your boyfriend shouldn't push this oral creampie thing too hard and (2) you shouldn't feel too bad if you can't bring yourself to do this for him any-

masturbate him sometimes, or let him masturbate himself, and run your fingers through his come — and perhaps your fears and inhibitions will decrease and one day you'll be able to enjoy his juices (a word I hate in this context) just as much as he enjoys yours.

And he does enjoy yours, right? Because if he isn't eating your pussy, FC, then you shouldn't even be blowing him, much less feeling guilty about not gargling with his come after you're done.

SAVAGE cont'd on p. 25

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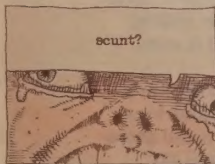
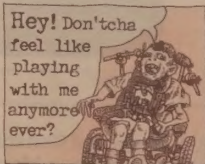
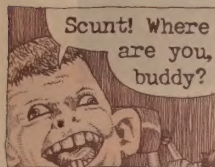
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What?

Are you laughing extra loud just to let me know that you think it's funny?

What? No!

Well, it's really annoying

I am laughing the normal amount

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The company began as an importer of American T-shirts into Canada in the late 80's, earning its name, American Apparel. In 2003, the company opened its first retail store in Montreal (currently there are over 280 stores in 20 countries).

Today the company is considered the largest producer of clothing in North America. Selling millions of garments in Canada each year, American Apparel employs over 1,000 Canadians, operating stores from Victoria, British Columbia, to St. John's, Newfoundland.

With all of the company's 7,500 inner city Los Angeles-based textile and garment workers earning a fair wage and having access to comprehensive health care, the company is a sweatshop free business, inspired by Canadian principles of fairness.

Our vertically integrated business model and commitment to craftsmanship is particularly inspired by the Montreal bagel and smoked meat industries. The culture of the company includes a passion for progressive, creative and open-minded thinking, not to mention an international approach that is outward looking and distinctly Canadian.

In the end, one of the important things that makes American Apparel special is its Canadian heritage.

We thank the people of Edmonton and all of Canada for their years of support.